

POETRY.

Jerusalem.

FROM "THE POET'S PEN" JUST PUBLISHED.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,

How glad should I have been,

Could I, in my lone wanderings,

Thine aged walls have seen—

Could I have gazed upon the dome

Above thy towers that swell,

And heard, as evening's sun went down,

Thy parting angels' bells—

Could I have stood on Olivet,

Where once the Savior trod,

And, from his height, looked down upon

The City of our God.

For is it not, Almighty God,

Thy Holy City still—

Though there Thy Prophets walk no more—

That crown Moriah's hill?

Thy Prophets walk no more, indeed,

The streets of Salem now,

Nor are there voices lifted up

On Zion's mountain brow;

Nor are there garlanded sepulchres

With pious sorrow kept,

Where once the same Jerusalem

That killed them came and wept.

But still the seed of Abraham

With joy upon it look,

And lay its ashes at its feet,

That Kedar's feeble brook

Still washes, as its waters creep

Along their rocky bed.

And Israel's God is worshipped yet

Where Zion lifts her head.

Yes—every morning, as the day

Breaks over Olivet,

The holy name of Allah comes

From every minaret;

At every eve the mellow call

Floats on the quiet air—

"Lo, God is God! Before him come,

Before him come, for prayer!"

Jerusalem, I would have seen

Thy precipices steep—

The trees of palm that overhang

Thy gorges dark and deep—

The goats that cling along thy cliffs,

And browse upon thy rocks,

Deneth which shade like doves, alike,

Thy shepherds and their flocks.

I would have mused, while Night hung out

Her silver lamp so pale,

Beneath those ancient olive trees

That grow in Kedron's vale,

Whose foliage from the pilgrim hides

The city's wall sublime,

Whose twisted arms and gnarled trunk

Defy the scythe of Time.

The Garden of Gethsemane

Those aged olive trees

Are shading yet, and in their shade

I would have sought their breeze

That, like an angel, heaved the brow

And bore to heaven the prayer

Of Jesus when in agony

As sought the Father there.

I would have gone to Calvary,

And, where the Martyr stood,

Bewailing loud the Crucified

As near him as they could,

I would have stood, till Night o'er earth

Her heavy pall had thrown,

And thought upon my Savior's cross,

And learned to bear my own.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,

Thy cross thou hastest none,

An iron yoke is on thy neck,

And blood is on thy brow;

Thy golden crown, the crown of Truth,

Thou dost reject as dross,

And now thy cross is on thee laid,

Thy crescent is thy cross!

It was not mine, nor will it be,

To see the bloody rod

That scourged thee, and long hath scourged,

Thou City of our God!

But round thy hill the spirits throng

Of all thy murdered men,

And voices that went up from it

Are ringing in my ears—

Went up that day when darkness fell

From all thy firmament,

And shrouded thee at noon; and when

Thy temple's veil was rent,

And graves of holy men, that touched

Thy feet, gave up the dead—

Jerusalem thy prayer is heard,

His blood is on thy head.

His blood is on thy head.

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A White Child for Sale.

After visiting the Capitol and President's

House, at Washington, I had the curiosity to

see the "Nigger pen," as it is technically called

here—the place where negroes are kept

until purchased for a southern market, until the

men-stealers, in the shape of negro traders, are

ready to ship them South. In this pen I found

like cattle, a female slave about twenty, came

forward, with a white child in her arms. The

child was as white as the average of white chil-

dren in New York. Its hair was straight with-

out any appearance of negro about it. The fea-

tures of the child had no resemblance to those

of a colored person. I asked the keeper of the

pen how it happened that she should have a

white child for sale. He replied that the

master or owner of the girl was his father, who

had left them there to be sold to South.

"The girl, he said, was desirous of being sold for

a southern plantation, as her mistress treated

her very badly as soon as she discovered her

husband had taken improper liberties with her,

and that she could not remain in the house of

her master, without being almost literally beat-

ed two or three times. The keeper of this den re-

marked that, in many similar cases, the lives of

the female slaves in Washington had been endan-

gered by the mistress as soon as the partiality of

their master was discovered. What can be the

moral atmosphere of Washington when a white

child can, in broad day, be in the centre of the

city, unobscuredly offered for sale!—*Emancipator.*

The Tender hearted Girl.

There is a little girl in Ohio, whose name is

Ruhannah. She used to come to school to me.

She was four or five years old. She was a very

sober and thoughtful girl; sometimes she would

sit an hour together without hardly moving, en-

gaged in deep thought. She had a great mind

for such a young girl. She was not dull and

stupid, for when she played she was lively as

the best of them. Almost every morning she

would bring into the school room a flower pot

full of the most beautiful flowers,—the lily, the

tulip, and the velvet rose,—and set them on

the desk. Sometimes their sweet fragrance

would fill all the room, and make us all feel

happy—that is what God made the flowers for.

Probably most of the children who read this,

never saw the great "Prairies of the West."

"The Jews said to call every thing they saw that

was very great, a thing of God." Fall cedars

they called "trees of God." High mountains

they called "mountains of God," and great riv-

ers they called "rivers of God." Well, then,

prairies ought to be called "flower gardens of

God."

In the Spring, before the grass gets up so

high that it covers them, as you pass along by

them or across them, you may see, for almost

a hundred miles, as far as the eye can reach, an

extended bed of flowers, the richest colors and

most beautiful varieties that the eye ever saw,—

ten thousand times ten thousand kinds; all mov-

ing their unfolded blossoms in the sun, as the

breath of heaven sweeps across their massy fo-

liage. Now, what is all this for? For what

purpose are all these made? Why, it is to

please the mind of man and make him love

God, and to make him happy. "Blessed are the

pure in heart, for they shall see God."—

Jesus was "pure in heart and he saw God" in

his works—he saw more to admire in the

simple "lily of the field," than in the gorgeous

grandeur of King "Solomon in all his glory."

So Ruhannah loved to see the beautiful

flowers, and it tended to make her "pure in

heart."

She used to get up early in the morning, and

go into the garden and work in the flower bed.—

Almost all the girls had flower beds, and used

to see who would keep the cleanest from weeds

and have the finest flowers.

One morning, very early, Ruhannah came

running up to me, almost out of breath, and said,

"A naughty worm has been eating down one of

my pretties flowers, and oh! I am so sorry!"

She had one tall handsome flower, that grew

right in the middle of her bed, and had a full

blossom right on the top of it, and this is the one

the worm eat off.

"Well," said I, "didn't you kill it?"

She looked at me a moment,—"No, sir," said

she and her eyes sparkled with innocence—"No

I didn't kill it."

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it on a piece of board, so it shouldn't

eat any more of my flowers."

"Well, won't the sun kill it, by and bye,

when it shines hot?"

"No," said she, "I put some dirt on it, so the

sun can't kill it."

And she skipped off to play, happy that she

had done all things well.

Now, children, if all the little girls and boys

are as kind to every thing that God has made,

as Ruhannah was to this little worm, do you

think they can kill each other when they get to

be men and women? Do you think they will

have to go to prison for doing each other wrong?

She knew that the same God who made her,

made that little worm, and his Creator will

judge, and she would not hurt it, and I have no

doubt, that if she lives to be a woman, God will

bless her, and she will bless the world, for if

she will not hurt a little worm, she will not

hurt any body, who is worth a great deal more

than a worm. She will be a "Peace Maker,"

and then she will be one of the "children of

God."

Yours in bonds of universal peace,

J. O. WATKINS.

A Man rescued from a Tiger by a Lion.

Those who visited Beatty's menagerie in Dub-

lin, will remember that he had two lions and a

tiger tamed together in a cage, and whilst exhib-

ing at Roscoe, a few days ago, the keeper of

these animals, whilst in the cage with them,

missed his foot, and fell upon the tiger, which

heave to go to prison for doing each other wrong?

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Rate of the Apostles.

St. Matthew.—This Apostle and Evangelist is sup-